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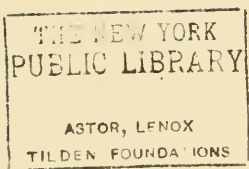
APV
(Pitman)
Thurston

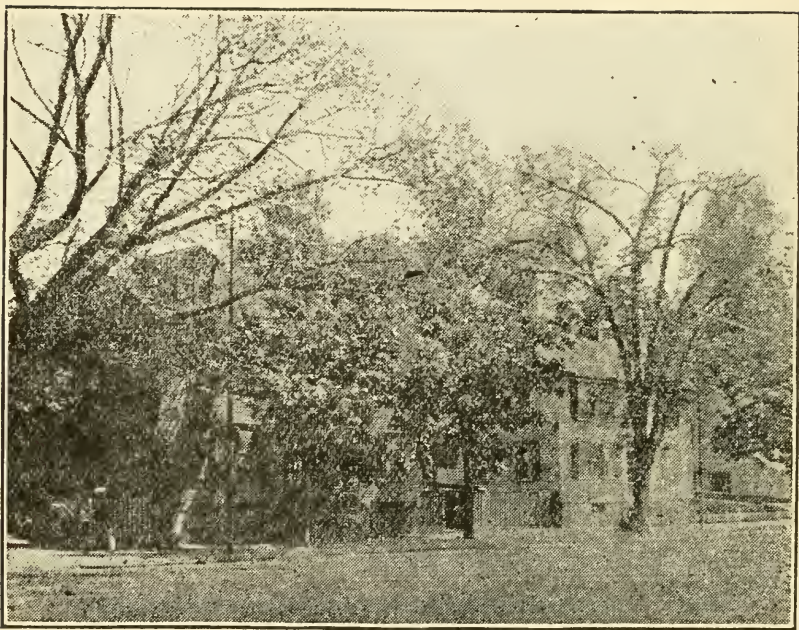
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DESCENDANTS OF

**BENJAMIN
PITMAN ::**

JANUARY 1, 1915

Pitman
APV





THE PITMAN HOMESTEAD

Bought by Benjamin Pitman (22) in 1796 and doubled in size in 1811.
The family's home for 108 years.

DESCENDANTS

OF

BENJAMIN PITMAN,

FIFTH GENERATION FROM

HENRY PITMAN

OF NASSAU,

WITH HIS ANCESTRY TO

JOHN PITMAN,

First of the Family in the

COLONY OF RHODE ISLAND,

as compiled by

CHARLES MYRICK THURSTON,

in 1868,

Continued to January 1, 1915, by

THEOPHILUS T. PITMAN.

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INTRODUCTION.

Owing to the destruction of the early records of the town of Newport, it has been impossible to obtain a full account of the descendants of JOHN PITMAN.

The undersigned has collected, from public and private records, the contents of this pamphlet, which it is believed will be interesting to the descendants now living, and enable them to trace their families back to the first settler of the name in Rhode Island.

It is hoped that hereafter some one may continue the work.

CHARLES MYRICK THURSTON.

New Rochelle, Westchester Co., N. Y., 1868.

Acting upon above suggestion I have taken some pains to continue the genealogy of my immediate branch of the Pitman family, starting from my grandfather Benjamin Pitman, fifth in descent from Henry. I trust that each member of the family who receives a copy of this pamphlet may add to the record in his possession data as births, marriages and deaths may occur.

THEOPHILUS TOPHAM PITMAN.

Newport, R. I., January 1. 1915.

THE NAME IN ENGLAND.

The name PITMAN is said to be derived from residence in the vicinity of a pit.

JOHANNES PITEMAN is mentioned in Hundred Rolls, 1273.

A family of PITMAN has been seated at Dunchideock-house, County Devon, for several generations, and is recorded in the parish registers from the year 1552.

ARMS.

Quarterly, ar. and or., an eagle displ. with two heads gu. Crest: A martlet upon a shell.

PITMAN, Woodbridge, Co. Suffolk. Gu. two poleaxes in saltier, or., headed ar., betw. four mullets of the last. Crest: A moor's arm ppr. escarroned of his colors, advancing a poleaxe, the handle or., headed ar.

PITMAN, same arms. Crest: A rock sa.

GEOFFREY PITMAN was sheriff of Suffolk Co. in 1625.

PITMAN, in Yorkshire pedigrees.

THE NAME IN NEW ENGLAND.

Thomas Pitman, born 1614, settled at Marblehead, Mass.

Mark Pitman, born 1622, settled at Marblehead, Mass.

William Pitman, born 1632, settled at Oyster River, N. H.

Nathaniel Pitman, settled at Salem, Mass., in 1639.

Joseph Pitman, settled at Charlestown, Mass., in 1658.

Jonathan Pitman, settled at Stratford, Conn., in 1681.

A resemblance has been seen in several instances between some of the descendants of JOHN PITMAN and those of the other families of Pitman in New England. It is possible that Henry Pitman, the father of John, may have been a relative of some of the above-named early New England settlers, as New Providence was settled in 1666 by emigrants from England, and from the other colonies in America.

The Bahamas were discovered by Columbus in 1492; first settled by the English in 1629, who were expelled by the Spaniards in 1641; re-colonized by the English in 1666, who were again expelled by the French and Spaniards in 1703. When New Providence was uninhabited, or nearly so, about two hundred heads of white families were settled in Eleuthera and Harbor Islands. The islands were formally ceded to the English in 1783.

PITMANS OF RHODE ISLAND.

- 1 ¹ HENRY PITMAN was one of the first settlers of Nassau, New Providence, one of the Bahama islands (probably about 1666).

His granddaughter, MARY DAVENPORT, in her deposition, made February 7, 1763, testified that her grandfather was "one of the first settlers, built a house, planted fruit trees, and made great improvements;" "He dwelt there about fifteen years, more or less, and died about the time of fishing for the Plate wreck,* and that his house was burned in the depredations of enemies; all of which she has been told by her parents, who showed her the ruins of her said grandfather's house." Child:

- 2 I. John, born 1663; died 1711.
-

- 2 ² JOHN PITMAN (¹Henry), married MARY SAUNDERS. He lived first at Harbor Island, thence he removed to Nassau, New Providence, and settled on and took possession of the tract of land, plantations and improvements made by his father. On the 26th of January,

* Plate wreck. Sir William Phipps made an expedition in search of treasure wrecked in a Spanish vessel. He found a wreck at the Bahamas, but the value recovered from it proved insufficient to defray the expense of the voyage. He returned to London in 1684. Afterward he found the treasure near Port de la Plata, Hispaniola, and returned to England in 1687.

1669, he received from Gov. Webb a grant and confirmation of said land. * He built a house near the ruins of that of his father, cultivated and made improvements, erected a ship-yard, and built several vessels; and lived there until the taking and burning of New Providence by the French and Spaniards in July, 1703. His house having been burned, he removed first to Currant Island, thence to Thesa Island, and finally, in 1710, to the Colony of Rhode Island and settled in Newport.

He died Nov. 21, 1711, aged 48 years. His widow, Mary, died December 1, 1711, aged 45 years. The graves of John Pitman and of his wife Mary are marked by a double stone in the Old Cemetery in Newport, R. I. Children:

- 3 I. John, born at Harbor Island; died single.
- 4 II. Mary, born 1693, at Harbor Island, married Ebenezer Davenport, Feb. 12, 1714.
- 5 III. Joseph, born March 16, 1695, at Harbor Island.

NASSAU, New Providence.

*John, Earl of Bath, Palatine, the Lord Craven, the Lord Berkeley, Anthony Ashley George, Lord Carterett, and Sir John Colleton, Baronet, the true and absolute Lords and proprietors of New Providence and the rest of the Bahama Islands, do hereby grant unto JOHN PITMAN a parcel of land to the eastward of the city, containing one hundred and fifty acres, English measure, butting and bounding westerly on the plantation known by Debit's Point; easterly on Susannah Woodfield's plantation; north to the sea; and south on land not taken up. To have and to hold to him, the said JOHN PITMAN, his heirs and assigns, forever, he and they yielding and paying to the said Lords proprietors, their heirs and assigns, a yearly rent of one penny per acre. Provided, further, that the said JOHN PITMAN doth plant and settle the said land within twelve months after date hereof, according as the law has provided in such cases. On default of which, the said land shall return to the Lords proprietors, and be free for the first adventurer. Given under our hand and public seal of this Government, in behalf of the said Lords proprietors, this twenty-sixth day of January, 1698-9.

NICHOLAS WEBB, Governor,
BARTHOLOMEW MESELER, for Lord Ashley.
JOHN LEIGHTON, for Lord Carterett.

Passed the Secretary's office,

EDWARD VAUGHAN, Secretary.

Registered in Newport, R. I., July 29, 1720.

WILLIAM CODDINGTON, Town Clerk.

- 6 IV. BENJAMIN, born 1607^g, at New Providence.
7 V. James, born 1701, at New Providence.
8 VI. Samuel, born 1701, at New Providence.
9 VII. Moses, born 1702, at Thesa Island.
10. VIII. ———, born in Newport, R. I.
-

The estate in Nassau was never alienated by the family. After the death, in 1711, of John Pitman, his son, Joseph Pitman, gave a lease of the premises to his uncle, Saunders. After the death of Benjamin Pitman, in 1762, the family united in collecting evidence of their claim to the property, and concluded to send John Pitman, Esq. (the son of Joseph) to New Providence, to recover possession thereof. But it appearing that this John Pitman intended to claim the property for himself, by virtue of the English law of primogeniture, the other members of the family would not consent, and before any definite arrangement could be made, the war of the Revolution commenced, and the estate was lost by the British statute of limitations. A search has been made in Nassau for further particulars. Their records go back only to 1723, and the name of Pitman does not appear thereon. In a letter, dated New Providence, August 10, 1762, to her dear cousin, Benjamin Pitman, Sen., at Newport, R. I., Martha Light, the daughter of ——— and Jane Saunders, requests a new lease, and states that her brother claims the land.

DESCENDANTS OF BENJAMIN PITMAN, THIRD SON OF JOHN AND MARY.

- 6 BENJAMIN³ PITMAN, of Newport (John², Henry¹), married Mary ———. He was a freeman May 5, 1741. He died Sept. 12, 1762, aged 65 years. His wife, Mary, died Nov. 19, 1746, aged 49 years.

Children:

- 11 I. Benjamin, died August 15, 1722, aged 16 months.
 12 II. JOHN.
 13 III. James.
 14 IV. Benjamin, died April 26, 1813, aged 84 years.
 His wife, Abigail, died March 19, 1796, aged 67 years.
 15 V. Gilbert, baptized July 23, 1732; died August 23, 1769, aged 37 years.
 16 VI. Mary, baptized Aug. 21, 1737; married Thomas Brown, Nov. 19, 1761.

- 12 JOHN⁴ PITMAN, of Newport (Benjamin³, John², Henry¹), married ABIGAIL, daughter of Andrew and Abigail (Plaisted) Nichols, May 6, 1750. He died December 27, 1768. His will was dated December 26, 1768, and proved February 6, 1769. His widow, Abigail, was admitted into Dr. Stiles's church, November 10, 1771, and her four children were baptized at the same time. In July, 1775, she removed to South Kingstown, where she died June 17, 1780, aged 54 years.

Children:

- 17 I. Elizabeth, born 1753; married Thomas Courtane, Dec. 9, 1770; died Oct. 10, 1771, aged 18 years.
 18 II. John, born June 27, 1757.
 19 III. Mary, born June 10, 1758; died, single, Sept. 21, 1841.
 20 IV. Andrew, born 1762; died Sept., 1766, aged 4 years.
 21 V. Thomas Gilbert, born May 8, 1764.
 22 VI. BENJAMIN, born Sept. 16, 1766.

DESCENDANTS OF BENJAMIN PITMAN.

FOURTH SON OF
JOHN AND ABIGAIL NICHOLS.

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- 22 ⁵BENJAMIN PITMAN, of Newport (⁴John, ³Benjamin, ²John, ¹Henry), married Remember, daughter of William and Abigail Goddard, of Narragansett, August 6, 1794. He died in the Homestead, June 9, 1811, aged 45 years. Remember Pitman died in the Homestead July 28, 1840, aged 71 years.
- Children:
- 23 I. Thomas Freebody, of Plymouth, Mass., born in the Homestead, Newport, Feb. 16, 1797; married Susan Fuller of Fairhaven, Mass. Second wife, Nancy Buddington. Died in the Homestead June 16, 1858, childless.
- 24 II. Ann Maria, born in the Homestead, Newport, Aug. 16, 1798; died, single, Dec. 3, 1870.
- 25 III. Benjamin, born in the Homestead, Newport, March 19, 1800; died in New Bedford, Aug. 20, 1886.
- 26 IV. Eliza Ann, born in the Homestead, Newport, Oct. 4, 1801; died in Providence, March 29, 1866.
- 27 V. Jane, born in the Homestead, 1803; died 1803.
- 28 VI. William Robinson, born in the Homestead, Newport, Aug. 6, 1804; died there April 27, 1891.
- 29 VII. Mary, born in the Homestead, Newport, Jan. 29, 1806; died, single, in Providence, Dec. 30, 1876.
- 30 VIII. Jane, born in the Homestead, Newport, Dec. 3, 1807; married Jacob Silloway Oct. 9, 1848. Died in Providence, Dec. 7, 1898, childless. Jacob Silloway died in Providence in 1884.

- 25 ⁶BENJAMIN PITMAN, of New Bedford (⁵Benjamin, ⁴John, ³Benjamin, ²John, ¹Henry), married Mary Ann Carter, (daughter of Robert Carter, who served with distinction in the War of 1812), October 16, 1823. She was born in Newport, R. I., and died in New Bedford, Dec. 15, 1841, aged 43 years. Second wife Elizabeth Hall, whom he married April 18, 1844; she died in March, 1887, in Wakefield, R. I. He died Aug. 20, 1886.
- Children:

- 31 I. Robert Carter, born in Newport, R. I., March 16, 1825; died in Newton, March 5, 1891.
- 32 II. Mary E., born in New Bedford, Feb. 12, 1836; married William Shepherdson, October, 1861; died, childless, March 17, 1862.

-
- 31 ⁷ROBERT CARTER PITMAN, of New Bedford (⁶Benjamin, ⁵Benjamin, ⁴John, ³Benjamin, ²John, ¹Henry), married Frances R., daughter of Rev. Moses George and Mary Jane (Kent) Thomas, Aug. 15, 1855. Died in Newton, Mass., March 5, 1891. Mrs. Pitman died in Newton, April 14, 1891.

Rev. Moses George Thomas died at Concord, N. H., in 1880. Mrs. Thomas died at Dennisport, Mass., January, 1897.

Children:

- 33 I. Robert Kent, born in New Bedford, July 1, 1857; died March 29, 1876.
- 34 II. Frederick Robertson, born in New Bedford, Jan. 17, 1869; died May 20, 1870.
- 35 III. Francis Carter, born in New Bedford, Oct. 22, 1872.
- 36 IV. Arthur Stanley, born in Newton, Mass., July 10, 1877.
-

- 26 ⁶ELIZA ANN (⁵Benjamin, ⁴John, ³Benjamin, ²John, ¹Henry).
 married Captain Joseph Crocker, in Providence, March
 7, 1831. Died in Providence, March 29, 1866.
 Joseph Crocker was born in Osterville, Mass.,
 Nov. 20, 1805; died on board his vessel, Dec. 20,
 1837, and was buried in Philadelphia.
 Children:
- 37 I. William Robinson, born in Providence, March 26, 1833.
 Married Julia Ingalls, September, 1865. Died
 Dec. 30, 1889, childless.
- 38 II. Mary Jane, born 1834; died 1835.
- 39 III Benjamin Pitman, born in Providence, R. I., March 20
 1836.
- 40 IV. Elizabeth Matilda, born in Providence, Oct. 12, 1837.

- 39 ⁷BENJAMIN PITMAN CROCKER (⁶Eliza Ann, ⁵Benjamin,
⁴John, ³Benjamin, ²John, ¹Henry), married Mary F.,
 daughter of Samuel and Nancy Hathaway,—1860.
 Mrs. Crocker was born in New Bedford, Mass.,
 June 9, 1838, and died May 4, 1914.
 Samuel Hathaway was born at Long Plain, Mass.,
 January 5, 1805, and died September 12, 1863.
 Nancy, his wife, was daughter of John and Celia
 Taber of Tiverton, R. I.; died July 24, 1888.

Children:

- 41 I. George Robinson, born in New Bedford, Feb. 5, 1862.
- 42 II. Annie Pitman, born in Providence, May 25, 1865; died
 Oct. 5, 1865.
- 43 III Joseph Whitney, born in Providence, June 20, 1867.
- 44 IV. Jane Pitman, born in Providence, March 26, 1870;
 married John Taylor of Dorchester, Mass., Feb.
 15, 1898.
- 45 V. Elizabeth Matilda, born in Providence, Oct. 13, 1872;
 married George W. Baker of Boston, Mass., Sept.
 24, 1911.

Child:

- I. Alvin Pitman, born in Boston, Feb. 20, 1914; died March 21, 1914.
- 46 VI. Nancy Eliza, born in Providence, April 18, 1875; died same day.
- 47 VII. Henry Scudder, born in Providence, Nov. 12, 1878; died Feb. 27, 1879.
- 48 VIII. Louise E., born in Providence, Dec. 18, 1881; married Harry W. Smith, in Boston, Mass., Nov. 14, 1909.

- 41 ⁸GEORGE ROBINSON CROCKER, (⁷Benjamin P., ⁶Eliza Ann, ⁵Benjamin, ⁴John, ³Benjamin, ²John, ¹Henry), married Mary Ellen, daughter of Robert and Mary Barr, of Waltham, Mass., July 25, 1889.

Mrs. George R. Crocker was born in Waltham, Mass., February 17, 1869.

Children:

- 49 I. Agnes Louisa, born in Waltham, October 18, 1890.
- 50 II. Mary Frances, born in Waltham, November 13, 1891.
- 51 III. Robert Benjamin, born in Waltham, June 12, 1893.
- 52 IV. George Robinson, born in Waltham, Nov. 1, 1895; died July 23, 1901.
- 53 V. Harold Ernest, born in Waltham, December 1, 1896.

- 43 ⁸JOSEPH WHITNEY CROCKER (⁷Benjamin P., ⁶Eliza Ann, ⁵Benjamin, ⁴John, ³Benjamin, ²John, ¹Henry), married Margaret F. McPherson, May 22, 1889, in Providence. Died July 5, 1906.

Children:

- 54 1. Lillian Frances, born September 6, 1890; died August 11, 1891.
- 55 II. Ethel Louise, born in Providence, September 6, 1890.
- 56 III. Irene Rowena, born in Providence, November 10, 1893; died May 27, 1897.

- 57 IV. William Henry, born in Providence, November 20, 1896; died March 31, 1897.
- 58 V. Raymond, born in Providence, May 17, 1898; died March 1, 1901.
- 59 VI. Joseph Whitney, born in Providence, February 10, 1903.
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- 28 ⁶WILLIAM ROBINSON PITMAN, of New Bedford, (⁵Benjamin, ⁴John, ³Benjamin, ²John, ¹Henry), married Esther Matilda, daughter of John and Sabra Thurston, November 24, 1828. She died Nov. 7, 1834. Second wife Ann Agnes, eldest daughter of Theophilus and Susan Topham of Newport; married March 25, 1836. Mrs. Ann Agnes Pitman died in the Homestead, Newport, February 28, 1886, in the 77th year of her age.

Children:

- 60 I. Harriet Elizabeth, born in Newport, Sept. 20, 1829; died in Newport, April 4, 1909.
- 61 II. William Goddard, born in New Bedford, Mass., Oct. 15, 1834; died in Madison, Wis., Nov. 23, 1906.
- 62 III. Theophilus Topham, born in New Bedford, April 12, 1842. Married Marie J., eldest daughter of Rev. Lucius D. and Mary A. Davis of Newport, Nov. 27, 1866. Mrs. Pitman died in Paris, France, November 30, 1888.
- 63 IV. Benjamin, born 1844; died 1844.
-

- 60 ⁷HARRIET ELIZABETH (⁶William R., ⁵Benjamin, ⁴John, ³Benjamin, ²John, ¹Henry), married Rev. Carlos Banning in New Bedford, April 6, 1852. Mrs. Banning died in Newport, April 4, 1909, in the 80th year of her age. Mr. Banning died in the Homestead, August 7, 1898.

Children:

- 64 I. Matilda Thurston, born in North Dighton, Mass., June 30, 1854.
- 65 II. William Carlos, born in Phenix, R. I., May 17, 1860; died in Danielsonville, Conn., Oct. 8, 1864.
- 66 III. Arthur Staples, born in Norwich, Conn., June 9, 1862; died in Danielsonville, Jan. 31, 1865.
- 67 IV. Edwin Thomas, born in Danielsonville, Conn., May 11, 1864.
- 68 V. Mary Elizabeth, born in the Homestead, Newport, Feb. 28, 1866; died in Roosevelt Hospital, New York, Jan. 24, 1902.
- 69 VI. Alice Crocker, born in Providence, Oct. 8, 1868.

- 64 ⁸MATILDA THURSTON BANNING, of Newport, R. I.
 (⁷Harriet Elizabeth, ⁶William R., ⁵Benjamin, ⁴John, ³Benjamin, ²John, ¹Henry), married Thomas W. Freeborne, of Newport, Nov. 15, 1877. Mr. Freeborne died in Newport, March 22, 1910.

Children:

- 70 I. Jane Thurston, born in Newport, July 15, 1878.
- 71 II. Thomas Laurence, born in Newport, July 8, 1879.
- 72 III. Marguerite, born in Belleview, Florida, April 30, 1888; died in Belleview, Florida, Aug. 17, 1888.

- 70 ⁹JANE THURSTON FREEBORNE (⁸Matilda Thurston, ⁷Harriet Elizabeth, ⁶William R., ⁵Benjamin, ⁴John, ³Benjamin, ²John, ¹Henry), married John Gladding, Jr., of Newport, September 30, 1897.

Children:

- 73 I. Dorothy Brainard, born in the Homestead, Newport, Sept. 4, 1898.

74 II. Victor, born in Newport, June 29, 1900; died July 24, 1903.

75 III. Douglas Victor, born in Newport, August 5, 1903.

76 IV. Janet Banning, born in Newport, May 17, 1907.

71 ⁹THOMAS ⁸LAURENCE ⁷FREEBORNE (⁶Matilda ⁵Thurston, ⁴Harriet ³Elizabeth, ²William R., ¹Benjamin, John, Benjamin, John, Henry), married Katherine Eliza, daughter of William Andrew and Katherine Herrington (Lansing) Bigelow, of Plattsburg, N. Y., April 25, 1901.

Child:

77 I. Laurence Bigelow, born in Newport, April 7, 1904.

67 ⁸EDWIN ⁷THOMAS ⁶BANNING (⁵Harriet ⁴Elizabeth, ³William R., ²Benjamin, ¹John, Benjamin, John, Henry), married Isabel, daughter of James D. and Sarah Ann (Taylor) Thornton, of Providence, R. I., June 13, 1883. Mrs. Banning was born in Rochdale, England, June 10, 1864.

Child:

78 I. Bernice Thornton, born in Providence, Feb. 21, 1885.

68 ⁸MARY ⁷ELIZABETH ⁶BANNING (⁵Harriet ⁴Elizabeth, ³William R., ²Benjamin, ¹John, Benjamin, John, Henry), married Benjamin Franklin Thurston in Newport, March 6, 1884. Mr. Thurston took his A. B. at Brown University in 1880, and his A. M. at Brown in 1883. Mrs. Thurston died in Roosevelt Hospital, New York, January 24, 1902.

Child:

79 I. Donald Pitman, born in Newport, March 11, 1894.

61 ⁷WILLIAM ⁶GODDARD ⁵PITMAN, of ⁴Madison, ³Wisconsin (William R., Benjamin, John, Benjamin, John, Henry),

married Eugenia S. Bemis, in Madison, Wisconsin, March 14, 1864. Mr. Pitman died in Madison, Nov. 23, 1906.

Children:

- 80 I. Bertha Staples, born in Madison, Wisconsin, August 6, 1865.
- 81 II. Jennie Matilda, born in Madison, September 8, 1872.
- 82 III. Annie Maria, born in Madison, October 10, 1874. Annie Maria now holds a professorship in the extension department of the University of Wisconsin.

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- 80 ⁸BERTHA ⁷STAPLES ⁶PITMAN ⁵of ⁴Madison, Wisconsin (William ³Goddard, William ²Robinson, Benjamin, ¹John, Benjamin, John, Henry), married Frank Chapman Sharp of Brooklyn, N. Y., June 30, 1896. Mr. Sharp was a descendant of a Thurston (see Thurston genealogy). He took his A. B. at Amherst in 1887 and his Ph. D. at Berlin in 1892. He is professor of philosophy in the University of Wisconsin.

Children:

- 83 I. Malcolm Pitman, born in Madison, November 20, 1897.
 - 84 II. Eliot Hall, born in Madison, August 14, 1903.
 - 85 III Richard Lauriston, born in Madison March 24, 1907.
-

BENJAMIN PITMAN.

(From the Rhode Island Republican, June 12, 1811.)

DIED.

"In this town, on Sunday evening last, Mr. Benjamin Pitman, aged 45 years. If a strong and sound mind, a liberality of sentiment, unwearied industry and inflexible integrity; if munificence as a citizen, parental love, conjugal affection, charity and beneficence, are virtues which claim a tribute of respect from man, and merit the approbation of Heaven; Pitman must ever live in the hearts of his countrymen, and participate in the happiness promised to the virtuous in the better world.

"His virtuous deeds shall fill the mouth of fame,
When lasting marble cannot show his name."

Written by Benj. Hazard, a political opponent.

To be remembered, even by hearsay, after the lapse of over ninety years, is a fortune that falls to the lot of but few men, and implies sterling worth of some kind. Of such character was the life of Benjamin Pitman, of the fifth generation of the Pitmans in Rhode Island.

Left fatherless when a child of two years, and motherless when a boy of fourteen, but little is known of his early life, except that he was baptized by the Rev. Dr. Stiles, with his older brothers, John and Thomas, and his sister, Mary, on the same day that his mother was admitted into Dr. Stiles's church. This act may have been caused by her repeated bereavements—her son Andrew, a child of four years, dying the same month that her youngest, Benjamin, was born: her husband two years later, and her oldest child, Elisabeth, a girl bride of eighteen, two years afterward, just a month before her mother was admitted to the church and her four remaining children were baptized.

Four years later the mother removed with her four children to South Kingstown, and died there in 1780. From this time to his marriage in Newport, August 6, 1794, to Remember, daughter of William and Abigail Goddard, by the Rev. Gardner Thurston, nothing is known of Benjamin's history, though it seems certain that he had the training of a Christian mother.

A man of strict integrity, genial habits, untiring industry; a conscientious workman, respected by his townspeople, beloved by his friends, idolized by his family, the name of Benjamin Pitman is one to be held in lasting remembrance by the generations following.

A master carpenter, his work is still to be seen in many buildings in Newport, notably in the old First Methodist Episcopal Church, famed as the first in the country to have a steeple and a bell, which was built under his supervision—where the carvings of the cornices, made by his own hands, around the ceiling and other parts of the structure, are still preserved; the (old) Masonic Hall, which he built; the Jewish Synagogue, upon which he worked, and different private houses. His carpenter's shop, which formerly stood in the rear of the homestead on Broadway, since removed to Church street, is now occupied by J. W. Horton & Co. as their show room.

After an illness of a week from an attack of pleurisy, induced by working in the old garden, his pride and delight, in the early mornings and late at night, after his long day's work, "from sun to sun," was over, he died on the ninth of June, 1811—a young man in his prime, in the midst of a prosperous business,

with every promise of a successful future. His last words, when some complaint was made to him of one of the boys troubling the other's garden plot, "You must love one another," were always remembered.

He was buried with his forefathers in the Old Cemetery (burying ground), with Masonic honors, as one of the oldest Masons in Newport, a member of St. John's Lodge, and such was the esteem in which he was held that the funeral procession is said to have reached from his residence on Broadway, then Broad street, to the foot of the Parade, now Washington square.

HARRIET E. BANNING.

REMEMBER PITMAN.

(From Zion's Herald, 1840.)

Died in Newport, R. I., July 28th, Mrs. Remember, widow of Benjamin Pitman, aged 71 years.

Sister Pitman was one whose simple, devout, uniform and consistent course was an ornament to her Christian profession. She was a mother in our Israel whom no adverse circumstances could turn aside from the path of duty. In her bereaved and lonely state of widowhood, her faith reposed on the faithful promises of Him who has promised to be a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints. She is embalmed in the memory of her children and Christian friends, especially the aged members of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

E. MUDGE.

The name "Remember" is one to conjure by; given to the one who bore it in remembrance of the Dark Day on which she was born, it has come down over the lapse of years as the name of one whose children and whose children's children "rise up and call her blessed."

Remember Goddard was no common woman. Coming, a bride, in her gladsome girlhood, to her new home, with its constantly increasing family and cares; working as other women in those days, with her own hands, to supply food, clothing, comfort and counsel—a help-mate indeed to her husband—the girl early matured into the woman, and when, after seventeen busy, happy years, the "desire of her eyes" was taken from her at a stroke, leaving her with seven little children to care for, and a needed addition to the home, which had been purchased two years after her marriage, and in which all of her children were born, still unfinished, she proved equal to the emergency.

The little savings had been expended in material for the necessary improvements, which added the south rooms to the original house, and there was no ready money to finish it. She steadfastly refused to mortgage the property, a determination she steadily adhered to through all the dark days that followed; and the friendly carpenters finished the work without charge, not as originally intended, but so as to make the home comfortable.

Then the War of 1812 came, and there was no income, and seven little ones to care for. Putting the three older ones out to learn trades, she rented all the available rooms, took in knitting for the Newport merchants and other work, supplementing the income thus obtained by selling fruit from the garden, and kept her children together, "gathering them around her," as one of them said later, "with a narrow johnny cake baked on a board, and molasses and water for drink, instead of the tea she loved"—and both by precept and example taught them righteousness.

When urged by a friend to rent part of the house for a store whose profits were to be increased by the sale of liquors, she persistently refused, for her children's sake, lest they should fall into temptation and a snare. Today, her "wisdom is justified of all her children."

Mrs. Pitman was one of the earliest and most devoted members of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, as long as she lived always in her place, when health permitted, in the old, square family pew in the northwest corner of the church, filling the space now occupied by the wing pews.

One of the sweet singers of Israel, she loved the old hymns of the church. Some favorite ones, remembered, even now, were: "He dies, the Friend of Sinners dies," especially the verse beginning

"Break off your fears, ye saints, and tell
How high your Great Deliverer reigns;"

"My God, the spring of all my joys," "O God, our help in ages past," "God moves in a mysterious way," the old Christmas hymn, "When shepherds watched their flocks by night;" "Behold, the morning sun," "Welcome, sweet day of rest," and "The day is past and gone."

Though slight, even almost fragile in appearance, with long, black hair, to the last showing no thread of gray, though hidden always under her widow's cap, with its black band, she was a power for good in her family and among her friends.

To the end, which came just as she rounded out her threescore years and ten, she was the wise counsellor, the helper, the comforter of her devoted daughters and her stalwart sons, all of whom she had lived to see grow up into Christian men and women.

Well may her children and her children's children to the sixth generation, who gather today in the house to which she came over one hundred years ago, a bride, "Remember" her.

HARRIET E. BANNING.

Newport, R. I., December, 1903.

THOMAS FREEBODY PITMAN.

Thomas Freebody Pitman was the oldest of a family of seven children, and was born in the old homestead on Broadway, where the High School now stands.

Owing to the straightened circumstances of his mother, when his father, Benjamin Pitman, died in 1811, he (a boy of fourteen) and his younger brother, Benjamin, were obliged to leave home to earn their living, and were taken from Mr. Tower's school, which they attended, and apprenticed to trades: Thomas to a rope maker in Bristol R. I., and Benjamin to William S. Nichols, a silversmith of Newport, whose wife, Eliza, daughter of Thomas Gilbert Pitman, was his cousin. With him the little boy of eleven served an apprenticeship of ten years, working for his board and clothes, snatching time for study as he could, after the long day's work was over, borrowing books from persons who would lend, and obtaining what assistance he could in his studies, especially in Latin, in which he had made good progress for so young a child, at Mr. Tower's school. The late Dr. Mann, his next neighbor, for whom Mann Avenue was named, was of much help to him in this, and through his long life the little Benjamin never lost his love for books and study—a self-made man. Thomas, on the contrary, seems to have hailed the change from the school routine with pleasure, its drudgery being very distasteful to him.

To the day of his death he cherished an unconquerable aversion to the sheep-skin-covered, dog-eared English Grammar, which was often used literally to beat the learning into his head when he was unable to master its mysteries. His deep-seated aversion to this seems to have overshadowed completely his interest in other studies. Little or nothing is known of his life in Bristol, where he served his long apprenticeship to the end, becoming a skilful workman, afterward working at his trade in Plymouth, Mass., where he made his home during his life.

One of his most prominent characteristics was his devoted attachment to his mother, often when his means were limited walking from Plymouth to New Bedford, where his brother lived, and from there to Newport, to visit his mother in the old home.

He was an enthusiastic and capable gardener, and the old apple tree, half way up the path in the home garden which sheltered and fed five generations before it was cut down to make room for the High School, was planted by him and his brother William. "William," said he, "you and I will never live to eat any fruit from this tree, but somebody else will." His brother William,

though, did live to sit for hours under its wide-spreading branches, and to share its shade and its fruit with his children and his children's children.

A quiet, unassuming, unostentatious, industrious, kind-hearted man of sterling character and Christian virtue, he was a consistent member of the Free Will Baptist Church in Plymouth, Mass., where nearly all his life was spent.

The last years of his life he was able to do but little steady work, and spent much of his time with his brothers in New Bedford and Newport, bearing the burden of confirmed invalidism and his racking cough with unflinching patience, always ready, as far as he was able, for any little service or kindness he could do for any one. In this respect of him it might be said as of Job, "the cause that he knew not he searched out."

He died June 16, 1858, in the old homestead, where he was born, then the home of his Brother William. He retired to rest as usual at night, but was unable to get up in the morning; he spoke of the beautiful singing of the birds, took a little nourishment, and was gone. He died as he had lived, a good man and a true, simple and quiet in his tastes, filling but a little place in the busy, bustling world.

"Yet he lived; lived where his Father lived,
Died where he died. Lived happy and died happy and was saved,
Be not surprised, He loved and served his God."

Thomas Freebody Pitman was twice married, first to Susan Fuller (of Fairhaven, Mass.) and after her death, September 3, 1826, to Nancy Buddington, a capable Christian woman and an excellent wife, who survived him by several years.

H. E. B.

BENJAMIN PITMAN OF NEW BEDFORD, 1800-1886.

(From Zion's Herald.)

The telegraph announced the death, last Friday evening, of the truly venerable Benjamin Pitman, of New Bedford. He had reached the advanced age of eighty-seven years. Up to within a few years his physical strength had been remarkably preserved, and his intellectual vigor remained until nearly the last. He was one of the oldest, best known and most respected of the citizens of New Bedford, and among the oldest of the Methodist members in New England. He was a man of much more than ordinary intellectual ability, a writer of great facility and beauty for one whose cultivation had been largely without the aid of the schools, and though embarrassed with some hesitation in his address, he was a clear, animated, and always intelligent and interesting speaker. Mr. Pitman was greatly beloved by our elder ministry, who, in turn, occupied the pastoral charge of the church of which, for a long succession of years, he was a leading official member. Between him and the father of the editor of this paper there was a peculiarly sensitive fraternal tie. They were for many years correspondents, and no tribute to a departed friend and minister could have been more affectionate or more worthy than the one he wrote upon the decease of his long-time brother in Christ. He was eminently loyal to his church. He thoroughly understood and loved her doctrines; he walked in the light and personal enjoyment of her teachings; he heartily appreciated and approved her polity; but he was also one of the most catholic-spirited of Christians. Wherever he saw the spirit of the Master exhibited in holy charity and pure living, he recognized it and yielded his sympathy to it. He preserved his integrity to the last. His spiritual life was unintermitted, save that it grew in strength and in the beauty of holiness, as the years moved on. He always looked before, never behind. He lived in the present and future, not in the past. Age did not fret or sour his temper, but softened it. Deep affliction mellowed his life, and the ascension to Heaven of the beloved of his home brought the reflected light of the immortal world back upon his heart and life. Few men have grown old more gracefully. Few men have lived a happier life. Of him we may well say, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

Mr. Pitman leaves behind him his widow, who was his second wife, and his only living child, Judge Robert C. Pitman. The relation between father and son for many years has not only been one of singular unity of affection and sentiment, but has taken on something of a fraternal guise. It is not often that a tie like this becomes so fruitful in intellectual and moral support and comfort, as well as in fraternal and filial affections. It has been a rare Providence which has permitted this relation to continue so many years, to be so closely drawn, and to be enriched by so many favorable opportunities for its enjoyment. We ought not to shed tears over such a death. It is an ascension and transfiguration. It is the union of those who loved tenderly upon the earth; it is the crowning of a faithful life; but our liveliest sympathies are with our friend of many years in this hour when he renders his last tribute of respect and love to one who has been so much to him for so many years.

(From the New Bedford Standard.)

The funeral services of the late Benjamin Pitman were held in the County Street M. E. Church yesterday afternoon, and were largely attended. Addresses were made by Rev. D. P. Leavitt of South Manchester, Conn., a former pastor of the church, and by Rev. S. Olin Benton, the pastor, and Rev. J. D. Butler. A quartette consisting of Miss Helen B. Ricketson, Mrs. Ruth S. Sherman, E. G. Morton, Jr., and William H. Wood, assisted by the organist of the church, E. Boden, Jr., sang several hymns. The floral tributes were numerous and appropriate. The services were in charge of George M. Eddy. The pall-bearers were Ambrose Vincent, George G. Gifford, Caleb L. Ellis, Samuel S. Paine, Henry R. Wilcox and James Taylor, and the interment took place in the Rural Cemetery, with the usual burial service. The remarks of Rev. Mr. Leavitt were substantially as follows:

He whose obsequies we this hour observe was no common man. Enjoying in childhood but limited school privileges, and early apprenticed to the acquisition of a trade, he was in the truest sense the architect of his own fortune. That fortune was not the possession of large wealth, for he loved not money for its own sake, but for the good it might do; it was not the occupancy of official position, for he was never placed in office by his fellow-citizens, and, I am sure, never desired to be; it was not prominence in social circles, for "society," as the state that word designates, offered no attractions to one of his shrinking and thoughtful and self-communing nature; it was not an elegant establishment, for this was foreign to one of his simple habits and easily satisfied wants. His life was spent in the acquisition of character; character which endures when riches take to themselves wings; when the occupant of highest official position steps down and out; when the glamour of society life neither charms nor cheats; when elegant mansions crumble into dust.

The foundation of that character was faith in God. He was converted young. It was not a spasm of emotion, but a deeply rooted conviction of the reality and worth of spiritual things. He early began to walk by faith, and his earthly pilgrimage was a constant laying hold of eternal realities. It was in childhood that he made his election, and, as he once expressed it when the subject of early piety was being considered in the church prayer meeting, "That early choice fixed my life"—his long religious life of three-fourths of a century here, and eternity beyond. It was partly owing to this fact perhaps that he was always so interested in the young—for the youth of New Bedford never had a warmer or more tender and genial friend than Brother Pitman. He delighted in young society. It was this that kept him an officer and teacher in the Sunday School for so many, many years, and made his a constant presence in its sessions. It was a reciprocal love which continued him as secretary of the school up to the time of his death.

He was a sincere and humble Christian. There was no pride or cant about him. He detested all seeming, and was contented with nothing short of reality. Whoever heard him give utterance to any expression of religious feeling that was not felt by the hearer to be sincere? He prayed as one who communed with God in secret. He lived an upright and devoted life. He labored and generously gave for the upbuilding of the kingdom of God. His piety was thoughtful and intelligent. It had a place in his understanding as well as in his heart. He could give a reason for the hope that was in him,

and he gave that reason with meekness and fear. His habits were religious. He was always at the services of the church, both on week days and on Sundays, till years and declining health compelled his absence. He was not uncharitable even to the unfaithful. He saw and appreciated the good that was in men compassed with infirmity; men whose deeds fell below their aspirations; and ever sympathized with weak men striving to be good, and good men striving to be better.

His piety was cheerful. How the gladsome tones of his voice still linger in my ears; how I recall the genial and loving expression of his face, the kindling fire of his eye, the warm grasp of his hand! I have spoken of his tones. They were remarkable. You hear them now; you hear them every time you think of him. I never have known half a dozen men whose personality seemed so embodied in their voice, or the recollection of whom was so linked with their tones. But his personality was not alone in his voice. Most men are much alike, but occasionally there is one of marked distinctiveness of character. Such was Brother Pitman. His was a most striking personality; one of the most striking I have ever known. We shall not soon behold his like again. No, never!

He was an ardent lover of nature. He delighted in the works of God, whether he surveyed the starry heavens, the boundless ocean, or the tiniest flower. He had a keen sense of the beautiful, whether in nature, poetry or art.

He was warm in his friendships, strong in his likes, and, to speak truly, equally strong in his dislikes. What he loved, he loved intensely; what he abhorred, he abhorred heartily. He kept the command, "Ye that fear the Lord, hate evil."

He had no mercy on meanness in any person, in any place. He "condemned the vile" man. He hated subterfuge and chicanery in man, party, church or state. He would rather have gone to the stake than sacrifice principle, and never coveted for himself or for one whom he loved better than himself any position, any office, any emolument that could come of swerving by a single hair's breadth from justice and truth, from duty and right. To him virtue, integrity, principle, meant something, meant everything. They were more than all the world beside. He was a moral brace in affairs of church and country. And the basis of this fidelity was faith—faith in right, faith in the Bible, faith in God. To him there was "a day after today," and he spoke and prayed, lived and labored in the light of what is to most men an invisible future. And therefore he had a deserved contempt for every man and organization whose motives and aims and deeds were not based on the principles of eternal justice.

To the on-looking world he did not seem practical, so far removed was he from the means by which many, not to say most, men seek success. But what was the power of this man over those who knew him, and by which "he, being dead, yet speaketh"? It was his unflinching, life-long adherence to what he believed was right. You know he would never knowingly lend his help to bad men, bad ends or bad means. He was incorruptible and unswerving. Your moral force gets an uplift when, in an emergency, you think of him. And yet just here, yielding to no one in admiration of his character and respect to his memory, I may be allowed to express a regret. That regret is that he secluded himself so much from the observation of the general public. To you who knew him he was a man of priceless worth; but alas! the most did not know him. He moved quietly through these streets, more anxious to escape than win attention, making his way to the store which was his place of business for scores of years. There he sold silver, but he thought gold. I doubt if there was a shop or store or office in the city where there was more valuable and deep thought wrought out than in that store. But who knew it? A few acquaintances and one organization—the County Street Church. You knew him, and because you knew him you prized him. You heard from him when his spirit was stirred by the themes of the gospel an eloquence rarely equalled on the platform, in the court room, or in the pulpit. Some of you think me extravagant, you who did not know him. Well, I can say for myself, after hearing many orators, that among the most truly eloquent men to whom I have ever listened I place my Brother Pitman. It was not a studied eloquence, but the higher eloquence of heart, intellect, voice, eye—all stirred by a great truth whose importance took hold of all his powers. I might appeal to

those older brethren who have with rapt and eager attention listened to him in the vigor of Elm street as well as the maturity of County street.

My regret is that the voice of such a man—of this man— was seldom, almost never, heard in gatherings in behalf of education, temperance, peace and honest politics outside these vestries. How much encouragement would the laborers for these causes have found in his earnest prayers and eloquent words and wise counsels! And to what burning words would he have given utterance when party managers sought success regardless of principle? How he would have reinforced the moral elements found in the caucus or convention, and thwarted the evil purposes of unprincipled and designing men! But if he did less in these directions it was to do more in and for this church. Here he gave the best he had, and gave it freely and cheerfully—gave money, prayer, time, service, thought. In that great enterprise which resulted in the erection of this beautiful temple he was an inspiration of zeal, courage and hope. And in the days when misfortune and removal weakened the strength of that spartan band his courage never forsook him, despair never possessed him. He had a conquering faith that God was in the movement, and would bring it to a successful issue—a faith which the Master honored in permitting him to behold a happy deliverance from the calamities which others feared.

The particular phase of Christian effort most dear to Brother Pitman was the missionary work. Speak the word "missions" and all the energy of his soul was aroused and all the fire of his heart was kindled. What a world of thought he gave to that subject in his solitary musings in house and street and store!

How he was delighted by every accession to the missionary force, by every increase of its means, by every convert to its ranks! He had all the zeal of a Coke, a Cox, a Morrison, a Judson. I remember on the occasion of a missionary concert, in an address of fiery eloquence, he thrilled the assembly by exclaiming, "Missions have been the poetry of my life." And he spoke truly.

A good man has gone from this church and community to his rest and reward. May we emulate his virtues, may we follow his example, may we share his triumph!

WILLIAM ROBINSON PITMAN.

William Robinson Pitman died Monday night, April 27, 1891, in the house on Broadway where he was born, August 6, 1804. He was the youngest son of Benjamin and Remember Pitman, in a family of seven brothers and sisters, and was of the fourth generation from John Pitman, who was born at Harbor Island, one of the Bahamas, in 1663, and moved to Newport, where he died in 1711 and was interred in the old burying ground, where the double stone to himself and his wife Mary, who died nine days after, is in good preservation to this day. The name has ever since been closely identified with the history of Newport. At an early age Mr. Pitman went to New Bedford and made his home in that place until the spring of 1856, when he returned to his native city with his family, where he resided until his death in the family homestead, to which he was much attached. He was an earnest abolitionist in the days when it cost something to be one, and was a staunch friend of the fugitive slave, often giving shelter to the black man in his escape from slavery, and aiding him in every way in his power. Frederick Douglass and Henry Box Brown received his help, and Mr. Douglass once spoke of him as the "friend of my people." He was an original member of the Liberty party, voted for James G. Birney for President, and was unyielding in his loyalty to principle. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church for seventy-two years—for a longer time, it is believed, than any person now living in this vicinity. He was one of the founders of the church in New Bedford, and had held every official relation in the church. He was always an uncompromising and a consistent advocate of temperance, and an ardent worker in the cause. Mr. Pitman was possessed of large sympathies, and relieving the wants of the needy was one of his highest joys. He had large natural endowment, and great self-reliance. The infirmities of age came upon him, and he had a long period of extreme invalidism, when he required constant care. One sister, Mrs. Jacob Silloway of Providence, alone remained of his father's family at the time of his death. Three children survived him—Mrs. Carlos Banning, Mr.

William G. Pitman of Madison, Wisconsin, and Mr. T. T. Pitman of Newport.

The funeral services were held in the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Newport, which deceased had attended for so many years, on Thursday, April 30. Besides the immediate relatives there were present many of the friends of the deceased, including those who had known him in his early life. The services at the church consisted of singing by the quartette choir, reading and an address by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Luce. The body was interred in the family lot in the cemetery, the pastor reading the committal services. The bearers were Messrs. Peleg Bryer, William S. Bacheller, Nathan G. Kenyon and Lucius D. Davis.

The following is an abstract of the remarks of Mr. Luce, which were made with deep feeling and earnestness:

ADDRESS OF REV. WARREN A. LUCE.

We must have been impressed in an unusual degree by the reports that are coming to us from all over the land, and by the observation of what is going on about us, that "The air is full of farewells to the dying, and mournings for the dead." Mourning Rachels, "weeping for their children and will not be comforted because they are not," are almost, if not quite, as numerous as when Herod executed his bloody purpose in the slaughter of the innocent infancy of his empire.

The one truth which gathers to itself greater force than ever by these circumstances is the truth that there seems to be fixedness and stability and permanency about everything but man. The preacher has said, "One generation passeth away and another generation cometh, but the earth abideth forever." David felt the insignificance of man when compared with the greatness of God's material works, when he said "What is man that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that Thou visitest him?" And so Solomon seemed to feel the solemn pathos of the contrast between the brief life of man and the endurance of the material universe.

The mountains stand firm—the tides continue to ebb and flow—the stars rise and set—day follows night, and night day in regular succession—the wild flowers fill the plain and the hillside with their beauty, the glistening brooks still make pleasantest music—just exactly as they have done for these thousand of years, but man seems to be the one exception. "Man cometh up and is cut down like a flower." "In the midst of life we are in death." He is "of few days" and never "continueth in one stay." Here he hath no "abiding city." "The days of his years are three score years and ten, and if by reason of strength they are four score years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow, for it is soon cut off and we flee away." Human life, from the cradle to the grave, seems to be characterized by manifold changes and experiments, uncertainties and contingencies.

When to ourselves we appear to be the most firmly established and settled, like the rich man in the Gospel, that very night our soul is required of us—the summons comes. "The moment when our lives begin, we all begin to die." Human life therefore is well likened in Holy Scripture to water spilt upon the ground, that cannot be gathered up. Like the flower it seems to waste its beauty and its fragrance on the desert air. The poet's shells took a charm from their place by the sea which would not bear transferring, and when he brought them home he found that they

"Left their beauty on the shore,

With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar."

This language of the preacher, "One generation," etc., is not the language of Christian faith in the dignity, greatness and immortality of man. It is the language of atheistic and materialistic doubt. All this fixedness and permanency of material things is only apparent, not real. The invisible and spiritual are the real and eternal.

The very elements of this material world are already melting "with fervent heat." Man alone is to outlast and outlive all else. He is a spiritual being, he is a pilgrim and a stranger on the earth, but he looks forward to the time when having borne "the image of the earthy he shall bear the image of the Heavenly." So much sorrow and suffering, so many changes and reverses, so much darkness and death, with no compensating or complementing light, life, joy and character beyond would be an anomaly without a parallel either

in nature or in human history, either in this life or in what is promised us concerning the life that is to come.

Leaving out of our discussion and thought for a moment the comforting promises and revelations of the Book of God concerning re-union with friends and eternal life "in His presence," where "there is fullness of joy," there are some truths which are clearly gathered from a careful study of this natural world, and one of them is this: the power and persistency with which all life asserts its mastery over death. As our own poet Whittier has so well said:—

"Life is ever Lord of death,
And love can never lose its own."

We do not know what life is in its real essence—we only know it by its manifestations. But we do know that the life principle, though it has lain in dormancy for generations and centuries, yet on the first opportunity and even under most unfavorable conditions will reveal and assert itself. Every kind of life with which we are acquainted is connected with material form, and so the Bible doctrine of the resurrection finds manifold analogies in nature. Belief in the immortality of the soul, in the resurrection of the body and in the re-occupancy of the latter by the former can be traced far back into antiquity. By faith Joseph gave commandment concerning his bones. The Egyptians embalmed the bodies of their dead with great care, with the thought of their resurrection at some future time in mind. Christ said, "I must die," but as emphatically declared, "I shall rise again." So of man, so of human life. The soul-life of man, having its origin in God, is to be purified and perpetuated, each in its own individuality, by power operating upon him through Jesus Christ, the Son—"He that hath the Son hath life;" "I am come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly;" "In him was life, and the life was the light of men."

Another thought is that in the philosophy of God, in the economy of grace, in the realm of nature, in the Divine alchemy, the universal law is "life out of death and beauty out of decay." As the tree is fertilized by its own broken branches and decaying leaves, so the soul of man is ripened out of broken hopes and blighted affections. Christ thus stated this law:—"Except a grain of wheat die, it abideth alone, but if it fall into the ground and die, it bringeth forth much fruit." The law of our humanity is the common law of the universe—life out of death, beauty out of decay. The Psalmist taught the permanence of our own selves when he said:—The beauty of the Lord our God be upon us." Very striking this! We survive. We are what the past has made us. The results of the past are ourselves. Nothing lasts? Oh! no, that is not true. We last!

But I turn away from these possibly too general considerations, to call your attention to the life and character of our brother, whose body lies before us, in the cold embrace of death. We come here not to praise, not to pronounce fulsome eulogy, but to bury, to perform those funeral rites sanctioned by our holy religion for so many centuries. We come hither today to pronounce a last hail and farewell over his confined form. A few days ago he was with us, was one of us, but "God's finger touched him and he slept." A long life and an honored old age were among the blessings thought desirable according to Jewish modes of thought. Surely both blessings were his.

And so, I may ask you to notice two things in connection with this life that has just gone out from us—first, the times in which he lived, and second, did he act well his part? Did he play the man? Was he true, always, to God, to his country, to his church and to himself?

If I were to say that he had no peculiarities, no oddities, no eccentricities, I should destroy that individuality which is the chief glory of every man. If I were to declare that he was without faults, without blemishes, without infirmities and weaknesses, I should predicate of him what has been predicated of only one man before him—and He the sinless Son of God, who lived the ideal life of absolute perfection on the earth. If I were to affirm that he always, under all the circumstances of life, met with the approbation of every man, I should only be saying that he had no standard of his own, and that he could not possibly have had the courage of his convictions, in any single instance. No, we could not say any of the things of him if we would. We would not if we could.

The times in which he lived. When you pronounce the figures 1804 and 1891, you instantly remember that his life spanned the greater part of a century which must ever be memorable in the history of this country and in the history of this world for the intensity and exuberance of its life. This nation was young and the people free when he was born. When we grasped his hand, somehow, we felt that he linked us with the great Washington, who died only five years before his advent, and with the Revolutionary fathers. When you go back to his cradle, you find only a little further back in our history the cradle that rocked the infant life of the nation.

What changes, political and religious, have taken place! What moral and industrial revolutions! Progress everywhere and along all lines. Two wars have been fought; slavery forever abolished; the great temperance reform set in motion, since his first infant cry was heard. The church to which he belonged for more than seventy years has herself passed through a conflict which divided her forever. Stirring times these!

Methuselah never lived so long nor so much (though he stayed on the earth more years) as our dear Brother Pitman. He lived in times that tried men's souls. And the question is—How did he play his part as a man, as a citizen of this great united commonwealth, and as a Christian?

Shall I have said sufficient, enough, shall I have comprehended it all, if I say of our brother that he was a "good man"? No higher encomium of praise could Luke possibly have pronounced over Stephen, the first martyr of Christianity, and over Barnabas, that rich landholder of Cyprus, "who sold all his possessions and came and laid the money at the apostles' feet," than what he did say when he declared that they were "good men, full of the Holy Ghost and faith." This could be said of our brother with emphasis. And a good man is a God man. Goodness is Godness. Jesus said to the rich young Jewish ruler, who ran to Him, saying "Good Master," "Why callest thou me good? There is only One good, and that is God." In the motives which actuated him through a long life—in the impulses which prompted him—he was good in that he was Godlike.

Again, the correct judgment has been reached of a human life, not when every little word and act have been weighed in detail in connection with the circumstances that called them forth, but rather when you have found the central principle governing the whole. And the central principle governing the life of our brother was an intense love for and a spirit of loyalty to the church of God. For over seventy years he was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in which, with great cheerfulness and gladness of heart, he filled every position of responsibility and labor connected with her manifold interests—at a time, too, when great sacrifices were demanded; sacrifices of time, money, strength of mind and body, and of feelings and even reputation. The church was first with him. He was not "slothful in business," nor did he lack fervency of spirit in the Lord's service. Spiritual interests were not subordinate to material in this life. The church had no secondary place in his thoughts and affections. For her his prayers ascended and his tears fell.

I never visited his sick room but he asked about "the brethren," and anxiously inquired after the temporal and spiritual health or prosperity of the church. He believed what the prophets had written concerning her exaltation, glory, power and ultimate triumph. He was Methodist in his theology, and his soundness in the faith was never called in question. He was orthodox. He was an earnest, faithful, devoted servant of God. And these principles of love and righteousness gave sweetest flavor to his whole life, in the home and on the street.

He was not only a man of Christian principle, but he had profound convictions on all the great moral questions of his day, and, what is better still, he was not lacking in the highest moral courage. He had what Dr. Mark Trafton calls in his book, "Scenes in My Life," a backbone, without which he could hardly have taken the stand he often did take. He placed himself in the very forefront of the battle when temperance was an unpopular issue, and he was a strong anti-slavery man—a detested abolitionist. Fugitives from the Southland were often seen eating bread at his table, and oftener found a hiding place in his house from their enemies. On one occasion, when for a long time he had noted a falling off in his business because of the position he took on the slavery question, an eminent citizen of his city came to him and said:—

"Mr. Pitman, if you will change your sentiments and come over and join our party it will be greatly to your advantage. We can send you all the trade you will care to have if you will throw to the winds your abolitionism."

The reply was most certainly characteristic of the man, exhibiting the truest manliness. He straightened himself up in the consciousness of the righteousness of his cause, and answered:—"I can starve, but I cannot be false to my principles." This was Christ-like, and this was the man always.

His moral life, the life he lived among his fellow-men, stands today unimpeached and unimpeachable. The spiritual life is invisible and internal, but the ethical life visible and external. It was that which the world saw and that by which they judged of the quality of his character. He was an honest man in his dealings with his fellow-men, and "an honest man is the noblest work of God." He couldn't, and never did, sell brass for gold in the business of his life. He was true and truthful, his word could be depended upon, it was as good as his bond. He was just and then generous. He was chaste in thought, word and deed. "He kept his body, with its lusts, passions and appetites, under and brought it into subjection." In his moral life, daily lived, he reflected the glory of his Saviour, and exemplified the great principles which that Saviour laid down in the Sermon on the Mount.

His domestic life, his home life, his duties as a Christian, husband and father—of this life, little need be said; his works do follow him. His was a life of prayer, of godly example and of faithful instruction. Take him all in all, when shall we see his like again? When he went up, we felt like saying—"My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" May his mantle fall upon his children, and may they all receive a double portion of his spirit!

My friends:—"Tis not strange you weep, or that your hearts are full of sadness and sorrow, Christianity does not chide you in your tears, for "tears are the safety valves of the heart when too much pressure is laid upon it." Nor does she teach you stoical insensibility and indifference to your great sorrow.

But I submit, if this be not after all an occasion for rejoicing rather than for sorrowing. Did we weep, though a million of our truest and best had fallen on a half hundred battlefields, when the veterans of our proud army marched up the streets of the Nation's Capital with victory in their hearts, and peace and union again restored? Do we mourn when the old hero returns from the war, with the scars of a hundred battles, if his honor remains untarnished and his courage unquestioned? So, shall we weep as we stand here amid this cloud of glory, and watch this hero of a hundred moral battles, as he ascends to his coronation?

In the New Testament this law is enunciated:—"Dead to the world, but alive to God." I paid a last visit to our dear brother, a few hours before he died. He was unconscious; in a state from which he could not be as easily aroused as formerly. I have since thought that the reason might have been because he was even then so far on his journey toward that "city which hath foundations." The law just referred to had become operative in his case—dead to things about him, but already the eyes of his spirit had sighted the jasper walls and gates of pearl; his spiritual hearing was already growing familiar with the strains of angelic music, and that communion and fellowship with the redeemed which he had so long been anticipating was being realized by him. Are not the reasons many and strong that this was the fact indeed?

Just before Brother Pitman breathed his last, his son-in-law, sitting by his side, asked him three questions, as he seemed, for a few moments, to arouse a little.

First—"Is your mind clear?"

Second—"Do you realize that you are passing away?"

And last—"Do you see the light that our little Willie used to say he saw?"

To all of these questions he gave an affirmative answer, especially to the last one, for he brightened up at once on hearing it, and said with some emotion and joy:—"Yes! Yes!"

And so "He was not, for God took him." And before us he lies

"Serene and calmly contemplating,

With folded hands, life's task well done;

Approved of God and man, awaiting

The Heavenly meed, on earth well won."

ANN MARIA PITMAN, ELIZA ANN (CROCKER), MARY, AND JANE (SILLOWAY).

These four sisters were daughters of Benjamin and Remember (Goddard) Pitman and were of the sixth generation from the founder of the family in America, who was one of the early settlers of Nassau in the Bahamas. Not a letter of these sisters is extant but has its revelation of deeds of kindness, of help in trouble. All were devoted to each other, to their mother and to their family, sharing each other's joys and bearing each other's burdens. No sacrifice was too great for them to make. When the time of need came their hands were always extended, their purses were always open.

"They have no place in storied page,

No rest in marble shrine,"

but, being dead, they yet speak—speak of loving service, of self-sacrifice, of loyalty to duty, of sterling Christian character, sometimes in great tribulation, sometimes in physical weakness, sometimes in pinching poverty, but always loving, always loyal, always true. Shall not the benison be theirs: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, * * * ye have done it unto me?"

H. E. B.

ONE OF THE OLDEST OF NEWPORT FAMILIES.

[Newport Daily News, December 8, 1898.]

Mrs. Jacob Silloway, whose death is announced, belonged to a family that has been represented in Newport for nine generations. Mrs. Silloway, who had passed her ninety-first birthday, was of the sixth generation from the founder of the family in America, who was one of the early settlers of Nassau in the Bahamas. She was of the fifth of the Newport branch. Graves of seven generations of the family are found in the burial ground here. The old homestead in Newport, which shelters today members of four generations of this family, was built by one of the fourth generation here, and has been occupied without a break by his descendants since. It is wondered if any other family in Newport can show such a record of attachment to the city and to one house. (The place of this homestead is now occupied by the south portion of Rogers High School,—T. T. Pitman.)

ROBERT CARTER PITMAN.

Robert Carter Pitman was born March 16, 1825, in Newport, R. I. His parents were natives of Newport, but at this time their home was in New Bedford. His childhood was spent in the latter city, which continued his home until his removal to Newton, in 1876. The change of residence was made with reluctance. He had worked for seven years under conditions which required almost constant absence from home. Sickness and death had visited his household, and the shadow of permanent invalidism rested upon it. He came to feel that duty to his family required a change, and to see any step to be a duty was to him to put that step beyond discussion. He continued to reside in Newton until his death, March 1, 1891. He is buried in New Bedford, the home of his boyhood, the city which was the place of his earlier distinction, and which had just pride in his later career.

Mr. Pitman's education began in private schools, and was continued at the Friends' Academy and at Wesleyan University, from which he graduated at the age of twenty. He received the degree of A. M. three years later, and in 1869 the degree of LL. D. He applied himself earnestly to reap the full advantage of all that was open to him, and to his last days remembered with gratitude the sacrifices of his parents which secured to him the opportunity to obtain a liberal education. He was a student to the end of his life, not alone in the vast field of the law, but seeking far and wide the rich treasures of literature and of religious and philosophic thought.

On his graduation his taste inclined to literary pursuits, but practical considerations turned him to the study of the law, and he entered the office of Hon. Thomas D. Eliot. Mr. Eliot at first expressed misgivings as to his fitness for the law, but this expression only stimulated the young man to ef-

fort which speedily convinced Mr. Eliot of his ability to master the law, as, indeed, any department of knowledge to which he applied his mind.

His legal studies were interrupted by a year's teaching in a cultivated family in Louisiana, and he valued highly the experience gained by this diversion. He saw the institution of slavery in its best aspect without abating his zeal for its destruction or his conviction of its enormity. Friendships formed in this brief Southern residence he cherished to the end of his life.

Returning to New Bedford, Mr. Pitman was admitted to the bar in 1849. In 1850 he was received as partner with Mr. Eliot, and soon attracted attention as a young man of unusual promise. This partnership continued five years, after which Mr. Pitman practiced separately until 1864; then in association with Mr. Alanson Borden, under the firm name of Pitman & Borden, until his appointment to the bench in May, 1867. He had gained and maintained high rank at the bar of Bristol and adjoining counties, as well as distinction in public life. When a place on the Superior Court was offered to him he did not find the question of its acceptance easy of decision. He had served in both branches of the legislature and was then president of the senate. He had high appreciation of the opportunities for usefulness in political life, and strong love for service in the promotion of reformatory measures by political action. The restraints of judicial position did not induce him to entirely relinquish such service. After much hesitation he decided to take up the work open to him, and by that decision the Commonwealth of Massachusetts gained nearly twenty-two years of judicial service of a high order.

In his training and his tastes Mr. Pitman was in touch with the life of the community in its finer and higher aspects, but there was no lack of sympathy or respect for the plain living of the uncultivated or the poor. He discerned the precious things of life as readily in the plain setting as in the ornate; but coarse depravity had manifestations which spoke to him in an unknown tongue. Judge Pitman was a man of principle—a man, too, whose principles were not worn for the day, were not put on for the purpose of catching tribute of the popular breath, but belonged to the very constitution of his nature. His principles were like iron in his blood. You could not separate the man from them, and his life was a triumphant testimony to the principles he held. No one ever knew him to swerve from the course which seemed to him true, even for the greatest ambitions of earthly life.

The cause of temperance had a large share in his thought, and his service to it will be remembered by many persons as the distinctive feature of his life-work. It was, indeed, disinterested service of the heroic type. He was not borne to it on the current of popular favor, but stemmed the tide in the martyr spirit of the reformer. Through his later years, in spite of separation from friends, in spite of obloquy, in spite of derision, in spite of the sacrifice of cherished honors, he stood firmly in defense of the cause of temperance. Others might yield, others might falter for the day, but he was simply true to what he believed. His work entitled "Alcohol and the State" was a masterly presentation of his views on the subject. Mr. Pitman was also an earnest advocate of full suffrage for women, and was frequently called upon to express his views in the interests of the woman suffrage movement.

Judge Pitman was not only a man of principle, but he was a man of principle because he was a Christian. From beginning to end he was true to the Christian faith which was the glad portion of his home. He was brought up amid religious associations, in communion with a father who was deeply religious; and through all the changes of opinion in his life he was true to what was most vital in the teachings and the life of that home. All his changes were simply manifestations of the different ways in which the Christian spirit was interpreted. His was a Christianity that was as deep as the Christian experience, and his was a Christianity that was as broad and tolerant as the love of Him Who inspired it.

Another characteristic of Judge Pitman was that he had breadth of interest and breadth of sympathy. His life was one of large sympathy and one of continuous growth. He never became narrowed by zeal in one direction, and his heart remained alive to every noble impression and to every great thought to the end. It was a revelation of the power of the human soul to expand, and every year enter into the larger thoughts which God reveals to the

waiting heart of man. In him mercy and truth met together. His head was clear, but his heart was tender.

Threescore and five years were the appointed measure of his life, and of them a little more than one-third was passed on the bench. Rarely has such long and ripe experience in judicial work been attained by one so young, so well preserved, or so apparently capable of continuing with success his accustomed work, or better worthy of promotion to the highest court. The heavy strain of uninterrupted work in a court of constantly widening jurisdiction and increasing business, of home duties made more exacting by the illness of his wife, and of an inclement season escape from which the press of work and the inadequacy of his salary did not seem to allow, suddenly overbore his health, and exposed him to fatal disease. The end came suddenly and unexpectedly. He had reached, but not passed, the full maturity of his powers. His mind was in its best vigor, his training perfected, his learning great, his experience varied and ripe; and his judgment informed and made strong by use. "His worthy deeds and blameless life are his best memorial."

A. C. B.

FRANCES THOMAS PITMAN.

Frances R. Thomas was married to Robert Carter Pitman August 15, 1855, and survived her devoted husband only six weeks, his death bringing on aggravated symptoms of a disease which her constitution, enfeebled by a long period of ill health, was unable to withstand. Mrs. Pitman's life was given to her home and family, and the distribution of unostentatious charities. She was a devoted mother to her three sons, only two of whom survived her, the eldest, a lad of much promise, living less than nineteen years. Mrs. Pitman was a member of Channing Church, Newton, Mass.

HARRIET ELIZABETH BANNING.

Harriet Elizabeth Banning, daughter of Willam Robinson Pitman and widow of Rev. Carlos Banning, was born in Newport, R. I., September 20, 1829, and died in Newport on Palm Sunday, April 4, 1909, within two days of her fifty-seventh wedding anniversary.

Her span of life was eighty years, the greater part of which was spent in marked usefulness, in spite of an invalidism that covered the period of her active life, and which would have thwarted her splendid ambition, if it were not for her imperious will, which compelled her frail body to do great service for many years.

She was well born, of the Pitman Methodist stock, and to love Methodism and to be loyal to the highest ideals of character and service came to her as a prized inheritance.

She had a trained and cultured mind, full of valuable information on a wide range of subjects. Her conversation, lighted by an expressive face full of charm, made her the centre of any group, whether the subject was a matter of current interest or whether the deeper problems of religion and life were being mooted.

The fine quality of her mind was evident in the products of her pen. The practical, the aesthetic and the spiritual blended most beautifully in the alembic of her genius. An accomplished litterateur, her work is still scattered, but has been widely enjoyed.

To suppose that she was not domestic in her tastes would do her an injustice. She had a beautiful home and her own hands carried out her plans; order and sincerity reigned.

An itinerant's wife, the mother of his children, burdened with sturdy economies and domestic cares, inalienable to the parson's home, she was yet the most active and dependable assistant he had in the work of organizing and building up his parishes.

Then, too, she was a constant stimulus to him to put forth his best effort in sermonizing, for he had always one listener at least, who could appreciate

such an effort and who would not allow him to fall below it. Her own mind enjoyed the loftiest aspects of the Gospel Message.

Reverently, lovingly, she studied the Holy Scriptures, not to reach a place of confident presumption, but to discover the perfection of the Son of God, upon Whom she relied for her salvation.

In 1900, in harmony with the habit of her life to share with others her best things, she organized the Newport Branch of the International Bible Reading Association, which grew until there were three Branch Secretaries in the city.

Her home had a refined musical atmosphere, to which her daughters contributed in no small degree. Into this she loved to draw her hosts of church friends, who came to enjoy especially her delightful familiarity with the authors and composers of our own hymnals. Many an evening was thus passed in "Hymn Sings," as she termed these informal gatherings.

Mrs. Banning's heart was intensely benevolent and, up to the point of large personal sacrifice, it was beneficent. No worthy cause in church or out of it ever appealed to her in vain. She was a splendid giver; she gave until it hurt keenly through the sacrifices required. It was then she rejoiced.

In this connection it might be well to note that she was never a Conference Claimant. She would rather have starved, if that were necessary, than to have taken the position of a suppliant for Conference aid. She held that the veteran or his widow had an inherent right to support, and until the church should so declare in its distribution of funds she considered that even by the suspicion of charity the claimant was wronged. The new rule of the General Conference rejoiced her heart. Fortunately, she never found it necessary to put in a claim herself, for she had a brother; but every year she shared with them by giving a generous offering to the cause. She loved the veterans and their widows.

Far-visioned, she saw remote lands and distant peoples bearing the marks of a pagan past, and she longed to help them out of their cruel darkness. She read eagerly and intelligently about the progress of missions. What an inspiration she was to missionary endeavor! This woman transformed churches into centres of missionary activity by her splendid leadership and wonderful spirit. For very many years she was president of the auxiliary in First Church, Newport. By the gift and vote of that auxiliary, Mrs. Banning's name adorns one of the rooms in the Baroda Hospital in India.

Mrs. Banning left two daughters—Mrs. Thomas W. Freeborne and Miss Alice C. Banning—and one son, Mr. Edwin T. Banning, architect, then of Providence, but now (1914) of San Diego, Cal. Her brother is Mr. T. T. Pitman, proprietor of the Newport Daily News.

Mrs. Banning's funeral was from her late residence, and was conducted by Rev. Joseph Cooper, her pastor, assisted by Rev. Charles Alford Stenhouse, a recent pastor. The burial was in the Island Cemetery.

C. A. S.

REV. CARLOS BANNING.

Rev. Carlos Banning, son of Philemon and Mary (Millard) Banning, was born in Lyme, Conn., November 10, 1819, and was among the younger in a large family of children. With the exception of two years at a country school when a boy of eight to ten, his childhood days were passed in a cotton mill, where he spent the long hours from daylight until 8 p. m., studying at night with the help of older brothers. On Sundays one of the older brothers taught the children arithmetic, as far as the "Rule of Three." Doubtless these early habits of application had much to do with the formation of a strong, morally healthful, upright character. When a lad in his teens a fall from a tree during a chestnutting expedition resulted in a broken arm. This accident stopped work and changed the whole course of his life. At eighteen he entered Wilbraham Academy, teaching part of the time to defray his expenses for the rest of it. The alternate tutoring and studying so prolonged his course that he was obliged to give up his cherished dream of a college education.

When through the academy he entered the Biblical Institute at Concord, N. H., to prepare himself for the ministry, he having been converted before entering Wilbraham, and feeling an earnest call to preach the gospel. He was graduated in the class of 1850 from the Biblical Institute, which later became the Theological School in Boston University, and at once joined the Providence (now New England Southern) Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which he remained an honored member until his death.

In the sixteen years of his ministry Mr. Banning served nine churches—Federal Street (afterward Broadway, since transferred to the Italians), Providence, R. I.; Little Compton, R. I.; North Dighton, Mass.; Plymouth, Mass.; East Bridgewater, Mass.; Phenix, R. I.; Central (now Trinity) Church, Norwich, Conn.; Danielsonville (now Danielson), Conn., and Middletown, R. I. Broken health obliged him at this time to leave the active work of the ministry, but as strength permitted he served from time to time, and for differing periods, Embury Church, Central Falls, R. I.; Bristol, R. I.; Thames Street, Newport, R. I.; Stoughton, Mass.; Drownville, R. I.; and the Union Congregationalist Church, Newport, R. I.

A man of exceptionally wise, sound judgment and rare tact, Mr. Banning was especially fitted for the ministry; the more so in that in several instances he was the first pastor of the charge, having been appointed by his Conference to the work of organizing these churches. In this department of the work he was eminently successful. His unpretentious manner and beautiful piety, his never-wavering faith, his earnest individual work for the conversion of sinners, and his power in prayer won a great spiritual harvest in every field to which he was sent. In many instances whole families were brought into the church, and the entire community was shaken. In one church alone he had seventy or eighty conversions, and in another, where he was the first pastor, about two hundred in two years. Some of these converts became, in their turn, preachers of the gospel, and so the work went on. Much of Mr. Banning's pioneer work was done in the face of strong opposition and, in one case at least, persecution. How faithful and loyal he was under the test! Of a sweet, lovable, kindly spirit, Carlos Banning held affections once won to the very end, and his churches rallied round him without a dissenting voice.

Modest and retiring, he never sought publicity though interested thoroughly in all public affairs. When, however, duties and responsibilities came to him he was ever found faithful, never shirking. A staunch Republican, he was intensely loyal to his country. He eagerly watched every movement of the Civil war, and his loyalism and careful judgments in this as in other matters are remembered to this day.

Sound in doctrine and possessed of a stern sense of justice, heresies of faith, or wrong-doing of any sort, found no place with him. It was the one thing he could not endure. But it was a righteous indignation.

His family life was, if possible, even more tender than his ministerial—kindly, yet stern when occasion required—one to whom his children could flee in any trouble, certain of ready sympathy and wise advice. Throughout a long wedded life, no one of his family ever heard him speak a cross or unkind word. His real ministry was life long: in the home, the church, the Sunday School or the social life, he never forgot his commission, and when the last illness came caused by a fractured hip, his patience in intense suffering and his unflinching trust in the Redeemer of the World were inexhaustible. "With a cheerful heart he approached the eternal shore to which he had been steadfastly looking for years, and now welcomed, exchanging toils and trials for Heavenly rest." He died August 7, 1898, having completed forty-eight years of membership in his Conference, where every annual verdict was "Nothing against Brother Banning."

Matilda Thurston (Banning) Freeborne.

WILLIAM GODDARD PITMAN.

Born in the East, William Goddard Pitman began his mercantile career at the early age of fifteen, as a shop boy at \$1.50 a week. Not many years elapsed however, before he sought other fields, going to Madison, Wisconsin, in July, 1854. In 1859 he entered the employ of Samuel Klauber & Company, remaining with the firm until they retired from business in 1879. The New York Store was then organized, and Mr. Pitman was made its manager, continuing in that capacity until his death. For fifty years Mr. Pitman was one of Madison's sterling and substantial business men.

He was one of those who went forth to honor Wisconsin through effective service as a soldier in the Civil War, in which he rose to the command of his company, being always highly respected—really loved—by all the "boys." As one of them said: "He was always one of us, whether in camp, on the march or in battle. God bless him!"

In perpetuation of the more gracious memories and associations of his military career he identified himself with the Grand Army of the Republic, the Loyal Legion and the Society of the Army of the Tennessee. The Loyal Legion of the State of Wisconsin issued the following memorial after his death:

Captain William Goddard Pitman was born at New Bedford, Massachusetts, October 15, 1834. He died at Madison, Wisconsin, November 23, 1906, after a lingering illness, in his own home, ministered to by the loving members of his surviving family. His end came quietly, painless and peaceful,

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him
And lies down to pleasant dreams."

Captain Pitman enlisted April 17, 1861, in Company K, First Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry. (Three months' service.) Was appointed Sergeant and mustered out with his company August 21, 1861. He recruited Company I, Twenty-third Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry. Was commissioned First Lieutenant August 21, 1862, and Adjutant September 1, 1862, and Captain of Company I, April 6, 1863, and resigned December 16, 1863.

He was in the battle of Falling Waters, July 2, 1861; Vicksburg, December 27th to 31st, 1862; Arkansas Post, January 11, 1863; Port Gibson, May 1, 1863; Champion Hill, May 16, 1863; Black River Bridge, May 17, 1863; Siege of Vicksburg, May 19th to July 3d, 1863; Jackson, July 11th to July 17th, 1863; Carrion Crow Bayou, November 3, 1863; and sundry skirmishes and Guerrilla hunts. Was honorably discharged by resignation from First Brigade, Fourth Division, Thirteenth Army Corps, Army of the Tennessee, December 16, 1863.

His military life was strenuous, interesting and eventful, commanding the respect and love of his men, and the confidence and esteem of his superior officers in a marked degree. He was a good soldier who did what he could for his country's best interests.

Companion Pitman's business career commenced at the age of fifteen. He came to Madison in 1854, where he was actively engaged in business up to the day of his death (excepting the time of his Civil War service above noted). Closely identified with the business interests of his adopted city, he contributed his full share as an active, successful merchant to the growth and material prosperity of Madison. His associates all speak of him in the highest terms as one of the substantial men of affairs.

He was a member of Grace Episcopal Church, Madison; also of the Grand Army of the Republic, and the Military Order of the Loyal Legion U. S.; the Army of the Tennessee; the Volunteer Fire Department of the city; the Madison Horticultural Society; the Ancient Order of United Workmen, and a Director in the Northwestern Building & Loan Association.

Loyal to every interest he was connected with, and faithful to every trust confided to him, as citizen soldier, and soldier citizen, his true heart and his strict uprightness of character, commended him to many who now mourn his all too soon taking away.

Our loving sympathies are tendered to the loved ones who remain in their beautiful home, mourning because he will come not again to them.

PITMANS OF RHODE ISLAND

Companion, farewell! Rest in peace until the Grand Commander summons us all to that Grand Parade in that final day of review.

"I cannot say, and I will not say,
That he is dead. He is just away."

Committee:

NAPOLEON B. VAN SLYKE,
Capt. A. Q. M., Brevt. Lieut. Col. U. S. V.
ALBERT H. HOLLISTER,
1st Lieut. 30th U. S. C. T.,
NORMAN S. GILSON,
Lieut. Col. 58th U. S. C. T., Brevt. Col.
Committee.

Mr. Pitman at his death was survived by his widow and three daughters—Mrs. Frank Chapman Sharp, Miss Jennie M. Pitman and Miss Annie M. Pitman.

EUGENIA BEMIS PITMAN.

Eugenia Bemis (wife of William Goddard Pitman) was born on Federal street, Boston, and went from Salem, Massachusetts, to join her father in Madison, Wisconsin, when she was twelve years of age, her first home in Madison being a log house, on corner Spaight and Brearley streets. With her needle she early won for herself economic independence. She married Mr. Pitman when he left the army, in 1864. She has taken an active part in educational and municipal organizations, and has been almost continuously an officer in the Woman's Club and a member of the Woman's Building Board. The Protestant Episcopal Church of Madison has found in her an active helper in all its work. Mrs. Pitman has ever been an eager student, and has at two different times spent a year in travel in Europe. Her ancestral line is as follows:

Eugenia Shelton Bemis—born in Boston April 12, 1842—and Isaac Bemis—born October 14, 1837, died October 15, 1868—were the children of Frederic—born April 3, 1812, died September 7, 1871—and Sarah Jane (Swan) Bemis—born June 20, 1814, died November 2, 1848—who were married in 1837. Sarah Jane Swan was the daughter of Benjamin and Hannah (Shale) Swan of Salem. Hannah Shale was the daughter of Andrew (Gentleman of Dublin University) and Jane (Eliot) Shale—born July 19, 1746. Jane Eliot was the daughter of Captain Benjamin and Abigail (Groves) Eliot of Ipswich, who were married May 9, 1732. Benjamin Eliot was the son of William Eliot, who was the son of William B. Eliot of East Coker, England; he came to Beverly in 1670.

Frederic Bemis was the son of Isaac—born November 26, 1786—and Louisa (Jones) Bemis. Isaac was the son of Isaac—born December 22, 1753—who married Elizabeth Green November 11, 1779. Isaac was the son of Isaac, who was the son of Abraham Bemis of Waltham, who married Mary Whitney March 17, 1768. Abraham was the son of John B., who married Anna Livermore May 8, 1710. John B. was the son of John, who married Mary Harrington September 8, ———. John was the son of John—born August, 1659. John was the son of John—born in 1619; he lived in Watertown.

THEOPHILUS TOPHAM PITMAN.

Theophilus Topham Pitman was born in New Bedford, Mass., April 12, 1842. (See date of birth of Eugenia Shelton Bemis.) He attended public and private schools in that city. In May, 1856, his parents moved to Newport, R. I., where the son entered the public schools. When twenty years of age, he entered the coal business in partnership with

John O. Peckham. The firm continued four years, adding the grain business to that of coal. In 1866 the firm of Peckham & Pitman was dissolved, Mr. Peckham continuing the coal branch and Mr. Pitman the grain department. Nov. 27, 1866, Mr. Pitman married Marie J., eldest daughter of Rev. L. D. and Mary A. Davis. In 1867 Mr. Pitman bought the interest of Rev. Micah J. Talbot, D. D., in the firm of Talbot & Davis, publishers of the Newport Daily News, continuing the publication of that paper, with Mr. Davis, his father-in-law, till August, 1885, when he bought Mr. Davis's interest. Mr. Pitman has confined his energies quite closely to the publication of the Daily News, making it his life work. He has however always been interested in whatever was for the good of the city, politically, commercially or morally.

In June, 1911, Mr. Pitman formed The T. T. Pitman Corporation, making Mr. Benjamin F. Thurston, Mr. William S. Brownell and Mr. Victor Baxter stockholders, and in December, 1912, enlarging the corporation by the addition of Mr. Fred M. Hammett, Mr. John G. Costello and Mr. Marshall W. Hall, most of whom had been Mr. Pitman's associates in the conduct of the business since their comparative youth.

Mr. Pitman has never been desirous for public office, but was a member of the first Park Commission, having as fellow-members Colonel John Hare Powell, Major Theodore K. Gibbs, Mr. William Watts Sherman and Mr. Charles E. Hammett, all of whom are now dead. Mr. Pitman was appointed by Mayor Horton in 1893, and served three years. He was also a member of the Representative Council in 1907, 1908, 1909 and 1914, and was twice appointed to the Committee of Twenty-five of that body. He was one of the promoters of the Newport Street Railway in 1889 and was one of its directors until the combination with other roads, forming the Bay State Street Railway, when he resigned from the board. He was also one of the promoters of the Newport Co-operative Association for Saving and Building and has been a director since the first year. He was also a director of the Coddington Savings Bank until its absorption by the Newport Trust Company. In 1858 he joined the First Methodist Episcopal Church and in 1864 was made a member of its Quarterly Conference, continuing as such until this writing.

MARIE J. PITMAN.

[From the Newport Mercury, January 5, 1889.]

At the funeral service over the remains of Mrs. Marie J. Pitman, at the Belmont Chapel, on Thursday of last week, the Rev. D. P. Leavitt, her former pastor, came from his home in Connecticut to render his tribute to the memory of the deceased lady. We publish below the address in full, as it is an eloquent and well-merited tribute to one whose name is familiar not only to the people of this city, but to the reading people in all parts of the land and in all lands. Mr. Leavitt said:

I am here to say a few words in memory of one who was my acquaintance and, I think I may add without presumption, my friend, for seventeen years; a member of the church I served in this city; whose vows in early life she took, and in whose faith she lived and died.

The bane of Mrs. Pitman's life was ill health. From early childhood she was seldom free from pain. This condition interrupted her studies and reading, but proved her native talent, to which she owed her achievements vastly more than to books or schools. To hold the frail tabernacle together taxed her constant attention, the loving care of friends, the best medical skill and the most healthful and life-giving climate accessible. The marvel is, not that she was compelled to yield at the last, but that she lived so long, and did so much. Most people under like circumstances would have accomplished nothing in life, but her will was indomitable. A more forceful woman I never knew.

Ill health marred not the quality of her work. It was good work. She knew by a remarkable instinct what to write about, and what to write on the topic chosen. Her style was salient, interesting and, like herself, full of life. There was no dullness in her or in her work, and what she wrote the people read.

She wrote with discrimination. She saw with keenest eye the foibles and follies of society, and treated them with a withering sarcasm. She saw the wrongs of society, and held them up to the gaze of the public, utterly fearless of consequences. Guilty ones writhed under her shafts, but she wrote steadily on, for she had one of the bravest spirits ever enshrined in flesh. She saw the sorrows of life and sympathized with those who bore them, and lent her pen to the alleviation of poverty and distress.

She never wrote better than when she gave expression in verse to the deepest and especially the religious feelings of her own heart. Can I ever forget her beautiful New Year's aspiration, written during my pastorate in this city? Can you ever forget her "Christmas Prayer?" Her friends will never cease to regret that she had so little strength and leisure to cultivate her rare poetic gifts.

Newport owes her a debt it can never repay. She helped to make it what it is, contributing largely to its development and prosperity. She drew the attention of the great public to its unrivalled claims. People came to see the beautiful town about which she wrote so charmingly, and the place owes many a visitor as well as permanent resident to her facile pen. With full appreciation of the many gifted writers who have sought to acquaint the nation and the world with its natural beauty and agreeable society, I may be allowed to express my conviction that no other pen has done so much for this city as Mrs. Pitman's. What she wrote was read. Who could pass by the letter which bore the welcome, the loved, the never-to-be forgotten signature of "Margery Deane?" Alas that she was compelled to exile herself from the town she loved so well, and for which she did so much!

If in a single word I might express what seems to me the special trait in Mrs. Pitman's character it would be intenseness—intenseness in her writings, her labors, her friendships, her joys and her sorrows. This made her many friends, for the world loves and worships intense people. The world loved her. Her strong personality had in it a conquering power. Hers was a felt presence wherever she was, and into her writings she put her marked individuality. Others wrote, and the people read and enjoyed their letters. She wrote, and the people not only enjoyed the writing, but they cared for—they loved—the writer.

A woman dies in Paris. The wire flashes her departure round the world. The press of the whole country—north, south, east, west—does more than announce; it mourns. One has died who is sincerely and deeply lamented. The heart of the people is touched. Tributes to her character and talents are numberless, and they all bear the stamp of real sorrow. Rhode Island mourns, but so does California. Massachusetts mourns, and so does South Carolina. Even on the Continent her departure creates a pang. Hungary, that loved and honored her in life, laments her death. And you, we, who knew her best mourn her most. Something—much—has gone out of our lives by her translation. Would that she might have lived longer! But our Father, who is wiser than we—our Father who loves her better than we—has taken her. He mingles mercy in our cup of woe. Let us be thankful that she lived; that she lived so long; that she wrought so well; that she accomplished so much; that she was delivered from that which she feared—the loss of vision; that she passed unconsciously from earth, and so was saved the knowledge and the agony of dying away from loved friends and in a foreign land, making Paris as pleasant a place of departure as Newport; that her precious dust is with us, and is to rest in her native soil and in "the beautiful City by the Sea" she loved so well, in which she enjoyed so much and toiled so faithfully.

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